

ALLIED GAIN AND LOSS IN FIERCE BATTLES

The Daily Mirror

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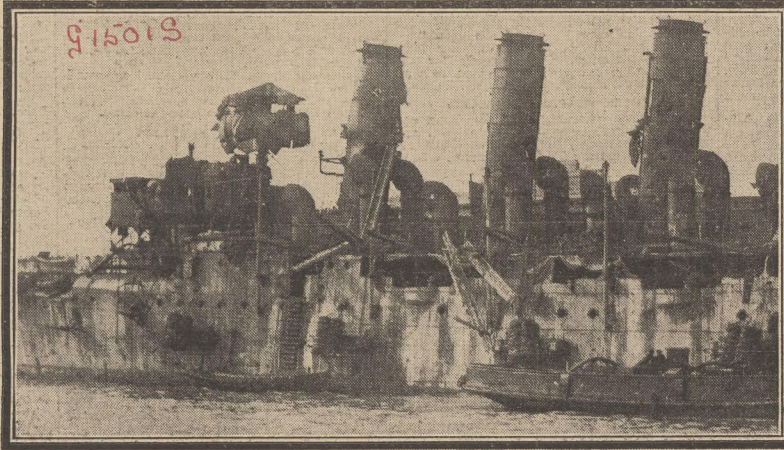
FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 1918

One Penny.

THE FIGHTING VINDICTIVE RETURNS TO HER BERTH



Captain Bamford, D.S.O., who led the Royal Marines on to the mole at Zeebrugge with "Come on lads, let's get at them ashore."



Covered with wounds and glory, H.M.S. Vindictive is ready to answer the roll call at her home base.



Lieutenant-Commander P. H. Edwards, second in command of H.M.S. Vindictive, who led a landing party along Zeebrugge mole and was wounded.



Men who were in the attack on the mole.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



Officers of H.M.S. Vindictive. Left to right: Surgeon Payne, Surgeon Glegg, Commander Osborne, Captain Carpenter, Staff-Surgeon McCutcheon, Senior Gunner Cobby.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



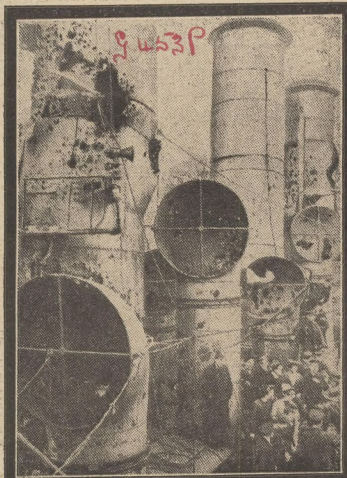
Commander Hamilton Benn, M.P., D.S.O., in command of the motor-launch flotilla at the Ostend attack.



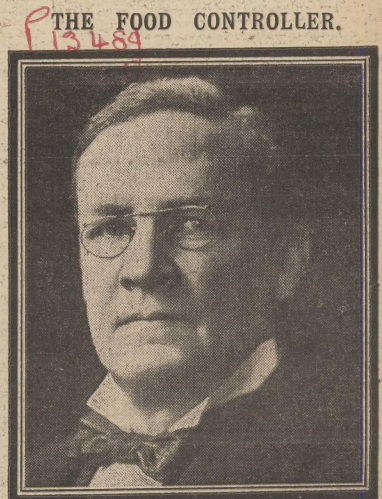
Lieutenant Stuart Bonham Carter, commanding the Intrepid, who neatly blew up his blockship.



Captain H. C. Hala-han, who commanded the landing party of bluejackets, killed by machine-gun fire.



What the shellfire did to the Vindictive's funnels.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



The Daily Mirror understands that Lord Rhondda has resigned the office of Food Controller. He has been head of the Ministry of Food for ten months. Recently he has been in ill health.

As the story of the great attack from the sea upon Zeebrugge and Ostend is bit by bit filled out from the information supplied by survivors it is only the more clearly shown to be one of almost superhuman valour and daring. All the men who have returned, wounded or unwounded, from this magnificent adventure are tremendously proud to have taken part in it.

RESIGNATION OF THE AIR MINISTER.

Reasons for Step Taken by Lord Rothermere.

PREMIER'S TRIBUTE.

Lord Rothermere, the Air Minister, has expressed his desire to relinquish the office of Secretary of State at the earliest possible date.

Lord Rothermere's letter is as follows:—
"My dear Prime Minister,—I desire to relinquish my office as Secretary of State of the Air Force at the earliest possible date.

"The Royal Air Force is now one of the three established fighting services of the Crown. The fusion of the Royal Naval Air Service and the Royal Flying Corps has been successfully accomplished.

"At times I have thought I would not be able to accompany the new force so far. My second tragic loss in the war ten weeks since caused and causes me great distress of mind and body. Every day the burden of work and responsibility seemed crushing and I was suffering much from ill-health and insomnia.

"It felt, as I told you, my urgent primary duty to the Government and the nation required me to remain if at all physically possible until the date of the fusion and such time after as would suffice to establish the success of the amalgamation.

"My departure before might have gravely deranged what is now one of the nation's arms of war and have jeopardised the success of the whole scheme.

"Lately I thought I might be able to remain, but a recurrence of bronchial trouble with insomnia effectually prevents this.

"I have entered into these particulars because I wish you to know the difficulties under which I have been working.

"I cannot close this letter without an expression of my great regard and respect,—Yours very faithfully, ROTHERMERE."

"INESTIMABLE SERVICE."

The Prime Minister's letter is as follows:—
"My Dear Rothermere,—I have received your letter tendering your resignation as Secretary of State for the Air Force with the deepest regret. Your work there has been of inestimable service to the nation, and time will bring with it a full recognition of your achievement.

"It is no small thing to have taken over the control of an entirely new arm of the service in the middle of a great war, to have extricated it from the difficulties which surrounded it, co-ordinated the two services which made it up, and bestowed on its administration an initiative which has given the service the real supremacy at the front. And all this has been done in such a brief period of time.

"It is the more to be lamented that, having set the Ministry on its legs, you cannot remain to enjoy the fruition of your brilliant work. But I feel on reading your letter that I cannot press you to stay, much as the Government must suffer from your retirement.

"Your sacrifices to the national cause have been so heavy and the strain imposed on you so cruel, that it would be impossible to deny you the right to some repose.

"Sympathy in these matters is generally best given by silence, but I am sure that you know without my telling you that the Government sympathise with you in your losses and in the way in which you have continued your public duties in spite of everything.

"No Minister ever had greater difficulties to contend with than you had in effecting the fusion of the two services, and the Air Force has every right to be proud of its first Secretary of State.

"I am authorised by my colleagues to state that they share fully the views I have expressed in this letter.—Yours faithfully,
"D. Lloyd George."

NEW AIR MINISTER.

It is generally expected that Sir William Weir, who has been Director of Aircraft Construction, will be appointed to succeed Lord Rothermere as Air Minister in the new Ministry.

Mr. Bonar Law, in the Commons yesterday, in reply to Sir Edward Carson, said Lord Rothermere's successor had not yet been appointed.

Mr. Pringle asked if Lord Northcliffe had resigned his post on the American Mission.

Mr. Bonar Law: I have received no intimation to that effect.

"TEA NOT FOOD."

The question of whether tea is food was raised in the King's Bench Division yesterday, when Mrs. Ellen Hinde, Shipton-under-Wychwood (Oxon), appeared against a conviction of the justices of Chipping Norton for having an excessive quantity of tea in her possession, for which she was fined £50 and £10 costs.

The magistrates were not represented to oppose the appeal, and after hearing Mr. J. B. Mas thews (for Mrs. Hinde) the Court held that tea was not a food within the meaning of the Food Hoarding Order, and allowed the appeal, quashing the conviction.

LINER OVERTURNS.

AN ATLANTIC PORT, Thursday.—The American liner St. Paul overturned at the pier to-day. She had just come from the dry dock where she had been overhauled.

It is believed that all on board—over 500 workmen—escaped.

HEROES WHO DIED OF THE MOLE.

Official Story of Landing—Vindictive's Heavy Losses in Tornado of Fire—How Blockships Were Sunk.

The following official narrative of our great naval raid on Zeebrugge and Ostend was issued last night by the Admiralty:—
"Vice-Admiral Keyes, in the destroyer Warwick, commanded the operation.

There had been two previous attempts at the attack capable of being pushed home if weather and other conditions had served. The night of the 22nd offered nearly all the required conditions.

From Vindictive's bridge, as she headed in towards the mole, there was a scarcely a glimmer of light to be seen shorewards.

Ahead of her rolled the smoke screen, her cloak of invisibility, wrapped about her by the small craft. This was a device of Wing Commander Brock, R.N.A.S., "without which," acknowledges the admiral in command, "the operation could not have been conducted."

It was not till Vindictive, with her blue-jackets and marines standing ready for the landing, was close upon the mole that the wind swept back the smoke screen and laid her bare.

STORMING LEADERS KILLED.

Immediately afterwards the dim coast and the hidden harbour exploded into light, and it was in a gale of shelling that Vindictive laid her nose against the 30ft.-high concrete side of the mole.

Commander A. F. B. Carpenter (now Captain) coned the Vindictive from her open bridge till her stern was laid in, he took up his position in the flame-thrower hut on the port side.

Colonel Elliot, who was to lead the marines, waited on the false deck just abaft the bridge, and Captain H. C. Halseham, who commanded the blue-jackets, was amidships. The gangways

BRAVO MARINES!

The First Sea Lord, through the Adjutant-General, Royal Marines, has paid "his appreciation and thanks" to the officers, N.C.O.s and men of the 4th Battalion Royal Marines for "their great gallantry at Zeebrugge."

were lowered, and the word for the assault had just been given, when both leaders were killed. The same shell that killed Colonel Elliot also did fearful execution in the forward Stokes mortar battery.

"The men were magnificent." The landing on the mole was perilous; it involved a passage across the splintering gangways, a drop over the parapet into the field of fire.

Lieutenant H. T. C. Walker, had his arm carried away by a shell on the upper deck, and lay in the darkness while the storming party trod him under. He was recognised and dragged aside by the commander. He raised his remaining arm in greeting.

The Daffodil, after aiding to berth Vindictive, also had proceeded to land her own men, but now Commander Carpenter ordered her to remain as she was, with her bows against Vindictive's quarter, pressing the latter ship into the mole.

ASTRIDE THE PARAPET.

Normally, Daffodil's boilers developed 80lb. pressure of steam per inch, but now Artificer Engineer Sutton maintained 160lb. for the whole period that she was holding Vindictive to the mole.

The Iris had troubles of her own. Her first attempts to make fast to the mole ahead of Vindictive failed.

Two officers, Lieutenant-Commander Bradford and Lieutenant Hawkins, climbed ashore and cast astride the parapet tried to make the grapnels fast till each was killed.

Commander Valentine Gibbs had both legs shot away, and died next morning. Lieutenant Spencer, R.N.R., though wounded, took command and refused to be relieved. Iris was obliged at last to change her position, and fall in astern of Vindictive, and suffered very heavily from the fire.

A single big shell plunged through the upper deck and burst below at a point where fifty-six men were waiting.

Another shell in the ward-room, which was serving as sick-bay, killed four officers and five men. Her total casualties were eight officers and sixty-nine men killed and three officers and 102 men wounded.

The storming and demolition parties upon the mole met with no resistance from the Germans

other than the intense and unremitting fire. One after another the buildings burst into flame or split and crumpled as the dynamite went off. And while they worked and destroyed, blockships made for the mouth of the canal.

Thetis came first, steaming into a tornado of shell from the great batteries ashore. V followed; then the Intrepid, and the Iphigenia, who followed. She cleared the string of armed barges which defends the channel, but fouled one of her propellers upon the net defence. The shore batteries found her and pounded her unmercifully. She signalled in invaluable directions to the others, and here Commander R. S. Sneyd, D.S.O., blew the charges and sank her. A motor-launch, under Lieutenant M. Littleton, R.N.V.R., raced alongside and took off her crew.

Lieutenant Stuart Bonham Carter, commanding the Intrepid, placed the nose of his ship neatly on the mud of the western bank, ordered his crew away, and blew up his ship. Lieutenant E. W. Bilyard-Leake, commanding the Iphigenia, beached her according to arrangement on the eastern side, blew her up, and saw her drop nicely across the canal.

EFFECTIVELY BLOCKED.

According to latest reports from air observation, the two old ships, with their holds full of concrete, are lying across the canal in a V position; and it is probable that the work they set out to do has been accomplished and that the canal is effectively blocked.

The shore end of the mole consists of a jetty, and here an old submarine, commanded by Lieutenant R. D. Sandford, R.N., loaded with explosives, was run in to the piles and touched off, her crew getting away in a boat to where the usual launch awaited them.

Officers describe the explosion as the greatest they ever witnessed—a huge roaring cloud of flame that tore the jetty in half and left a gap of over 100ft.

Meantime the destroyers North Star, Phoebe and Warwick, which guarded the Vindictive from action by enemy destroyers, lay beside the mole and their share in the battle. North Star, Lieutenant-Commander K. C. Helgar, R.N., losing her star in the smoke, emerged to the light of the star shells, and was sunk.

The German communiqué which states that only a few members of the crew could be saved by them is in this detail of an unusual accuracy, for the Phoebe, Lieutenant-Commander H. E. Goro-Langton, R.N., came up under a barrage of time mines to blow nearly all.

The wind that blew back the smoke screen at Zeebrugge served us even worse off Ostend, where that and nothing else prevented the success of an operation ably directed by Commander Hubert Lynes, C.M.G.

BRAVED 120 GUNS.

The Sirius and Brilliant were already past the Sirocco Bank buoy when the attack began, revealing the arrangements to the enemy.

The Sirius was already in a sinking condition, when at length the two ships, having failed to find the entrance, grounded and were forced therefore to sink themselves at a point about 400 yards east of the piers, and their crews were taken off by motor-launches.

The difficulty of the operation is to be gauged by the fact that from Zeebrugge to the Intrepid's batteries 120 guns were pointed within 120 heavy guns which can concentrate on retiring ships, during daylight, up to a distance of about sixteen miles.

KAISER SEES THE DAMAGE.

AMSTERDAM, Thursday.—A Berlin telegram says:—

"The Kaiser on April 23 visited Zeebrugge, the scene of the frustrated English coast de main. "He went on the mole, where he convinced himself that the damage caused by the blowing up of the railway bridge had been already temporarily repaired.

"The Kaiser then went to the canal lock, where the two cement-jam cruisers lie and at the place where the nocturnal battle occurred."

"He also satisfied himself of the perfectly good condition of all our structures and installations on the outer part of the mole, which was the objective of attack."

"The Kaiser got a captured English captain of marines, who happened to be brought past, to explain the battle."—Reuter.

DUSTMAN HERO DEAD.

Offered a Commission for Valour, but Refused It.

The offer of a commission to a dustman, the refusal of the honour, but promotion to the rank of company sergeant-major, surely stands unique even in the history of our democratic citizen army, says the South London Press.

Such was the experience of Company Sergeant-Major Will H. Clements, whose death in Egypt has just been officially announced.

Clements, who lived in Esher-street, Upper Kennington-lane, had been a dustman for fifteen years in Vauxhall district, had served twenty years in the Volunteers and Territorials when he broke out, and as a singer had earned the sobriquet of "the singing dustman."

He volunteered for active service, and did duty in France, and subsequently in Egypt and Salonika, and for his distinguished conduct and valour in action he was offered a commission.

FOOD CONTROLLER RESIGNS.

Lord Rhondda Retires from the Office.

INTRODUCED RATIONS.

The Daily Mirror understands that Lord Rhondda, the Food Controller, has resigned.

Lord Rhondda, who has been ill for some weeks past, was Britain's second Food Controller, having succeeded Viscount Devonport in the post on June 15 last year. He has therefore been head of the Ministry of Food for ten months.

"I did not volunteer for the job; I was conscripted by the Prime Minister," said Lord Rhondda, speaking at Cardiff last July, and it was under his régime that compulsory rations were established, prices controlled and fixed in many things, and war was waged on profiteering and hoarding.

Previous to being Food Controller Lord Rhondda was President of the Local Government Board, to which post he was appointed in December, 1916, when the present Government was formed. Lord Rhondda when at the Local Government Board worked out an important scheme for the establishment of a Ministry of Health.

Before he was raised to the peerage Lord Rhondda was Mr. D. A. Thomas, the head of the great Cambrian Coal Combine.

WOMAN CONCHY.

"Would Not Have Husband Back If He Killed a Man."

A woman who accompanied her husband at Hull Tribunal yesterday said she was a conscientious objector and would not have her husband back if he killed a man. She added that her husband could not fight.

The man then asked if he never could fight. The case was adjourned for the man to reply to the usual printed questions put to objectors.

CUPID AT CARD TABLE.

£150 Damages for Breach of Promise—250 Love Letters.

In the King's Bench Division yesterday Miss Agnes Lilian Russell, of White Hart-lane, Barnes, was awarded £150 damages against Mr.

BETTER BREAD.

The average Englishman consumes 20wt. of potatoes yearly.

The Daily Mirror is offering these prizes to amateur potato growers in allotments, private and school gardens:—

First prize... £500 Fourth prize... £25
Second prize... 100 Fifth prize... 10
Third prize... 50 13 prizes of ... 5

New milling regulations will, it is believed, enable bakers to produce bread which will be much more palatable than that used at present.

Eric Poriferous Bratzel, of Weymouth-avenue, South Ealing, for breach of promise of marriage. Counsel for plaintiff said there were some 250 letters.

The marriage was postponed from time to time, and in 1915 when plaintiff asked defendant when he was going to marry he told her his father objected to the marriage and said he was "sick of it."

Finally the defendant said he had no money and could not marry.

Miss Russell said they first met at a whist drive.

Plaintiff, in cross-examination, said she was forty-four years of age on St. George's Day.

Defendant, in reply, said he occasionally walked out with plaintiff, and had kissed her three or four times.

NEWS ITEMS.

£151,000 for Red Cross.—The sixteen days' sale at Christie's for the Red Cross realised £151,000.

Lady Jellicoe.—The condition of Lady Jellicoe, who is ill, remained unchanged yesterday morning.

Shells on Paris.—A shell from the long-range gun exploded on the sixth floor of a building in Paris, states Reuter, and seriously injured a young servant.

Railway Workers' Higher Pay.—Railway workers' wages have been increased as follows: Men, 21s. increase raised to 25s.; women, 12s. 6d. minimum; boys, 2s.

Bombs on Warships.—On April 22 an Italian air squadron got two direct hits on an Austrian torpedo-boat in the Upper Adriatic and in the Fasana Canal warships and torpedo-boats were heavily bombed.

Princess Mary's Birthday Gifts.—Princess Mary has received birthday gifts from the King and Queen, Queen Alexandra, and other members of the Royal Family. The Prince of Wales sent a beautiful pearl necklace.

BRITISH TROOPS REGAIN GROUND EAST OF AMIENS

Battle Rages All Night and Still Continues — Each Side Uses Tanks.

GERMANS PAY HIGH PRICE FOR HANGARD.

French Hold the Approaches to Village — German Attack on Wide Front South of Ypres.

BRITISH OFFICIAL.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, FRANCE, Thursday.

11.42 A.M.—Heavy fighting took place all night in and around Villers-Bretonneux and still continues. Our troops have regained ground by counter-attacks and have taken a number of prisoners.

The fighting yesterday on the whole of this front was most severe, and heavy casualties were inflicted on the enemy by artillery, infantry and tanks.

North of the Villers-Bretonneux-St. Quentin road the enemy three times attacked our positions and on each occasion was repulsed with loss. During this fighting the enemy made use of a few tanks.

Late yesterday evening the enemy also attacked the French positions north-east of Bailleul and was repulsed.

Early this morning the enemy renewed his attacks in this sector and on the British positions farther east, after an intense bombardment. Fighting continues in this sector on a wide front.

A raid attempted by the enemy during the night in the neighbourhood of Beuchy was repulsed. Hostile artillery has been active during the night in the Festubert and Robecq sectors.

ALL-NIGHT FIGHTING IN GERMANS WREST HANGARD BATTLE FOR AMIENS. FROM THE FRENCH.

British Retake Lost Ground in Splendid Counter-Attack. Outskirts of Village Held by Our Ally Against All Attacks.

WAR CORRESPONDENTS' HEADQUARTERS WITH THE BRITISH ARMY, FRANCE, Thursday.—There was continuous and heavy fighting during the course of yesterday, both in the region of Mont Kemmel and Meteren and astride the main Amiens-St. Quentin road.

In the latter operation, after repeated fierce attacks, during which fresh troops were constantly thrown in to replenish the heavy wastage, the Germans succeeded in getting possession of the large village of Villers-Bretonneux.

Whilst their success if retained is a step in the direction of Amiens, if their progress towards that city continues at this rate, it will be long indeed before they are within sight of the picturesque boulevards.

Fighting in this region was continued throughout the night and seems to be still in progress.

Working up front the direction of Hangard, the Germans apparently got a footing in the Bois d'Auquenne, the easternmost of a little chain of woods skirting the Amiens road west of Villers-Bretonneux.

DROVE THE GERMANS BACK.
Here we counter-attacked and drove them back to the very fringe of the wood in face of heavy machine-gun fire.

The latest news to hand this morning is distinctly encouraging. It seems that our troops are steadily taken ground in several places, and that the general position has been considerably improved.

A remarkable feature of the fighting yesterday around Villers-Bretonneux was the use of tanks on both sides.

Some five German machines made their appearance, and about as many of our own were in action.

Our machines seem to have done their part well in supporting the infantry and killing Boches. Two of them got in among a mass of Germans and did great execution.

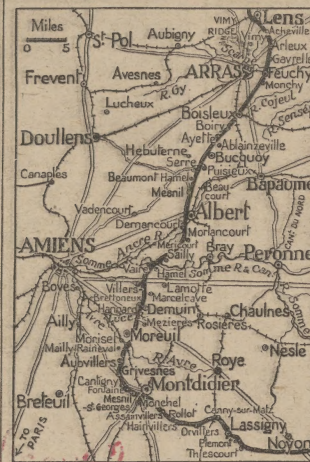
In the north the Germans launched another very heavy attack upon the French, in the region of Draucourt, last night.

There had been a fierce struggle in this area earlier in the day, the enemy making a determined attempt to rush on towards Kemmel Hill, but with no appreciable success.

At two o'clock this morning an intense gas barrage was opened against the French front in Flanders and against some of our own troops acting with them. About two hours later deep waves of infantry delivered an assault.—Reuter.

RIFT IN FOE'S CAMP?

WASHINGTON, Wednesday.—It is authoritatively stated that the Senate resolution asking a declaration of war on Bulgaria and Turkey is to be pigeon-holed. It is reported that there is some chance of alienating Bulgaria and Turkey from the Teuton.—Exchange.



At Villers-Bretonneux our troops have regained ground. The Germans have taken Hangard, but the French hold the outskirts of the village.

'NO APPRECIABLE RESULT' OF Foe's AMIENS DRIVE.

Effort to Separate French and British Again Fails.

Wednesday's attack, says Reuter's expert commentator, was made on about a nine and a half miles' front from the village of Pouilly, on the Somme, south of Corbie, to the village of Hailles, the Arras.

This relatively restricted front is held partly by French and partly by British forces. The enemy is, therefore, again making an attempt to break our line at the junction of the two armies.

Then a furious battle between very powerful effectives was commenced at five o'clock in the morning, and was not finished in the evening.

In short, the first day of the second battle of Amiens ended with a partial retirement, but with no appreciable result for the enemy, whose blow is being shattered by the valiance of the French and British troops fighting side by side.—Reuter.

WILL THE GERMANS SEIZE THE RUSSIAN FLEET?

Belief That Hun Sea Command Is to Blockade Sebastopol.

A Russian wireless message to Berlin, states the Central News, deals with the situation of the Russian fleets under the peace treaty.

The treaty is near the German Government to guarantee the immunity from seizure or damage of the Black Sea fleet so long as it remains at Sebastopol.

The message says there is reason to suppose that the German sea command is preparing to blockade Sebastopol by means of U-boats, and the continuation of the offensive in the Crimea points to the same end.

THE HOLE IN THE MOLE.

AMSTERDAM, Thursday.—Zeebrugge's enormous mole has been separated from the coast, telegraphs the frontier correspondent of the *Telegraph*.

One of the British submarines, the message adds, exploded against the mole itself, blowing a wide breach of certainly twenty-five yards in width.

Looking from east to west from the dunes near Cadzand one can clearly see through the mole, and this opening divides the pier into two.

The breach is near the coast, showing that the submarine went pretty far into the harbour, despite barricading contrivances.

On the shore side of the harbour lies the wreck of a smashed two-funnelled torpedo-boat.

Many German wounded were transferred to Bruges on Tuesday morning, both by boat and train, and the losses amongst the surprised troops must be great.—Reuter.

With reference to the German official reports of the operations against Ostend and Zeebrugge, the Secretary of the Admiralty states that the total number of vessels lost on this occasion other than the blockships and submarine which were sunk or blown up respectively according to orders were one destroyer and two motor-launches.

A German Assertion.—AMSTERDAM, Thursday.—A Berlin official telegram emphatically asserts that naval operations from the Flanders coast have in no way been impeded by the British attack on Ostend and Zeebrugge.—Reuter.

SIGNAL: "ST. GEORGE FOR ENGLAND."

"May We Twist Dragon's Tail," Vindictive's Reply.

CAPTAIN'S STORY.

"'St. George for England' was the last signal we received flashed from the admiral as we steamed out," said Captain Carpenter, of the *Vindictive*, in an interview yesterday.

"I replied," he said: "'May we give the dragon's tail a damned good twisting.' And I think we succeeded in doing so," he added.

"The spirit of the officers and men was simply splendid. Their one thought was victory. I can remind you of coming along the deck our most fearful shell fire just as we were leaving, and one poor fellow lying there terribly wounded, one of his arms having been blown clean off, waved his other arm to me and shouted: 'Jolly good luck to us!'"

"Have we won, sir?" was the question the men continually asked me, just as though we were at a football match. Now it is all over, it seems more like a dream.

"If the Germans, with their wonderful imagination, say we did not get alongside the mole, I can show them a huge piece of masonry, about a quarter of a ton, which we picked up from our deck."

The plan was to attack both Ostend and Zeebrugge simultaneously, so that no warning could be given at either place.

"On Monday night we steamed through a very thick smoke screen. We didn't fire our guns until the Germans started on us, our intention being to get as close as possible before revealing our positions."

"When we were 300 yards off a battery of five or six guns opened fire, and every gun the *Vindictive* was capable of bearing replied."

FERRYBOATS HELP.

"In less than five minutes we were right alongside, and efforts were made to grapple the ship to the mole. The Daffodil came up and put her bows into our side and pushed us broadside on, while the Iris went full speed alongside, about 200 yards ahead of us. There was a terrible sea running, and the ship was rolling frightfully."

"On the port side we had rigged up bows, which had to be lowered to allow the men to get ashore. It was a most difficult operation."

"At one time they were from 8 ft. to 10 ft. in the air and the next moment they were crashing on the mole. The men ran along them with all their accoutrements—bombs, guns and Lewis guns. It was a superb operation. They never hesitated a moment, and we got between 300 and 400 men ashore in a few minutes."

"They fought their way along. Comparatively few German guns were able to damage us now, for we were under cover of the mole. The upper works of the ship, however, were terribly battered. Splinters were falling all around us, and I am afraid these caused most of the casualties."

"If it had not been for the way the Daffodil pushed us into the mole, the operation would have been impossible. I should never have got my men back. About twenty-five minutes after the men went ashore I saw the blockships rounding the lighthouse and making towards the canal entrance."

SUBMARINE'S SURPRISE.

"The German saw the submarine approaching, but they did not seem to bother about her. Evidently they thought we were going to try to get through the viaduct to destroy shipping in the harbour, and this being impossible, they were going to capture the submarine intact."

"There were a number of German riflemen and machine-guns on the framework near the viaduct, and they peppered the submarine. I can safely say that when she exploded all the Germans were up with her."

The blockships approached the entrance to the canal under most fearful fire. The *Theis*, which was leading, ran aground close to the canal entrance. Her captain saw her in the entrance, but before doing so signalled to the other two ships giving them their directions.

"Both ships actually steamed through the canal entrance, and got behind the German batteries, being sunk from two to three hundred yards behind the shore line. They were sunk right across the channel blocking it. How the crews escaped is almost beyond imagination."

NEW GERMAN TACTICS.

PARIS, Thursday.—Commenting on yesterday's operations, M. Marcel Hutin writes in the *Echo de Paris*: The enemy concentrated considerable forces, and especially enormous quantities of munitions and materials which has scarcely used so far, notably tanks and light guns."

On the occasion of this attack Ludendorff adopted new tactics and no longer ordered infantry to be sent forward in compact masses. This came in the manner of a surprise, which had an immediate result—the abandonment of Villers-Bretonneux by the British troops and part of Hangard by ours.

SAPPER HONoured.



Sapper Phipps (seated) listens to the nurse reading the notice of his Military Medal award for bravery while fighting on the Italian front. His comrades are as delighted as he is.

AMERICAN DELEGATES ON TOUR.



Making plaster casts for artificial limbs at Craigleith Hospital.



Watching the preparation of meat for soldiers' dinners.

Ladies of the American delegation pay a visit of inspection to hospitals and W.A.A.C. headquarters in Edinburgh.

HOW THE GERMAN HOSTS WERE HELD BACK



Weary soldiers snatching a brief rest after the battle. They were so utterly exhausted that they just dropped down anywhere to get some sleep.—(Official photograph.)

POPULAR WAR WORKER MARRIED.



Miss Jennie Dorothy Henry, a busy war worker at Gravesend, leaving St. George's Church after her marriage to Mr. James Philip Dowle.



WOUNDED.—Captain Frank Dawson, M.C., Northumberland Fusiliers, lying dangerously wounded in a hospital in France.



WOUNDED.—Second Lieutenant G. A. Cockett, R.F.A., who has received the M.C., and is now in a Manchester hospital doing well.



One of the hastily-improvised bar furniture and other material, by columns was for a long time.

DISABLED SOLDIER



At the School of Embroidery established in Oxford-street, London. Left to right: Lady Titchfield, Mrs. Ant...

FRENCH AND AMERICAN BROTHERS IN ARMS.



A warm friendship between the French Republic and the United States of America is traditional, and it is finding full expression among the men of the fighting forces now standing side by side.

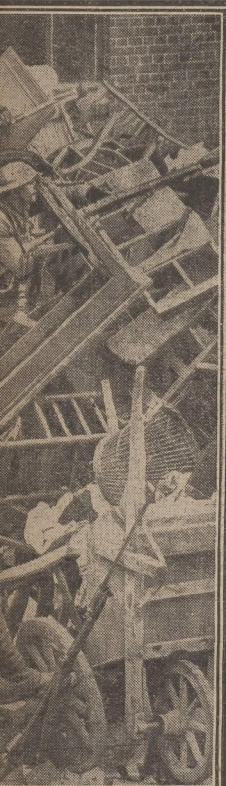


WAAC CHIEF.—Miss Flora L. Hinton, technical administrator of Waacs attached R.C.D., R.E., Longmore Camp.



RED CR.—Ainsworth Conyngham working h...

BAILLEUL—BEHIND THE STREET BARRICADES.



of all kinds of odd household
trance of the German assaulting
—(Official photograph.)

N EMBROIDERING.



the War Services League, in
London, Mrs. Antrobus and
intendent of the school.



NURSING.—Mrs. J. C.
Maxwell, wife of General J.
McCall Maxwell, C.B.,
nursing at the American
Hospital, Lancaster Gate.



Waiting for the attack behind one of the rough barricades in the streets of Bailleul.
These photographs were taken a few hours before the town fell.—(Official photograph.)



DIED.—Lieut. O. A.
Broomhall, R.A.F., a well-
known footballer and clever
boxer, reported to have
died of wounds.



WOUNDED.—Viscount
Ednam, M.C., eldest son of
the Earl of Dudley, who is
reported to have been
wounded in France.

"TEDDY" PUSHES LIBERTY LOAN.



Colonel "Teddy" Roosevelt receives 250 New York
bankers at Sagamore Hill, and tells them just what they
must do to make the third Liberty Loan a colossal success.

THE CHAMPION RED CROSS WORKING PARTY.



The Red Cross working party at Harrods Stores numbers over 1,000 women; meets
twice a week, and makes over 4,000 comforts for soldiers each evening. The Hon.
Mrs. West, commandant, presents medals to some of the workers.

HEROIC NAVAL OFFICER



The Mayor of Portsmouth makes a presentation to Lieutenant
H. H. Potter, R.N.R., for saving a boy from drowning.
Lieut. Potter showed equal bravery and presence of mind.

PRINCESS MARY AND LAND GIRLS.



A group of land workers in the procession.



Princess Mary presenting badges and stripes.

The visit of Princess Mary to Oxford to inspect workers of
the Oxfordshire Women's Land Army was greatly appre-
ciated by the girls who gathered for the occasion.

Daily Mirror

FRIDAY, APRIL 26, 1918.

THE WORLD TURNED TO STEEL.

THE Munitions Department and the amazing work performed by it provide perhaps our best answer to the charge that we as a nation utterly lack the power of organisation and the art of adapting ourselves to a sudden call upon us.

There has indeed been muddle mixed with the gradually growing effort outlined by Mr. Churchill's speech on the Vote for his department; particularly, on the financial and clerical side, the nation has been amazed by occasional revelations of waste and oversight.

The point rather is, however—and it would be surely ungenerous not to recognise it—that muddle has indeed been intermittent, but that the main design has been successful by the only test in war time—that is, the Ministry of Munitions has delivered, is delivering, and will continue to deliver, the goods in abundance and in time; and, to do this, the whole available business instinct of the country has been called upon entirely to transform the country's industrial existence.

A million minor efforts, each in itself important, have had to be diverted, changed, readapted, amalgamated. The thing has never been equalled in the experience of a complicated commercial world. It has, for ourselves, a side of consolation: for that world, thus transformed, a side of instruction and final warning.

The consolation for us is, as we said, the thought that so much was achieved, and, on the whole, so swiftly. We have no longer that horror at the back of our minds, to mingle with the other horrors—that our men fight ill-equipped. More than that: we have the extraordinary recent achievement in the replacement of material lost during the German onslaught.

No nation was sufficiently prepared for war in munitions: nobody before the war dreamed of the demands that would be made on the machinery of destruction; but we "caught up" with those best prepared, the Germans, with marvellous speed; as did the French. And our effort had to be double that of Germany. We had to feed distant adventures. We had to equip Russia—in vain. In Russia it was "too late." The rumoured six million Russian dead are a ghastly advertisement of the results of lack of fighting equipment in a modern war. . . . That is the good side.

For humanity, for the world, what other side?

It is perhaps scarcely the time to comment on that now, in the roar of the renewed battle. But it is never too often to note the position to which war reduces the modern world.

It is all-absorbing, exclusive, a flame licking everything up. So, with the matter of munitions. The entire root-industries of the world, such elements as we command, are all commandeered and conscripted, sweated and used up, in incredible quantities—the life-blood of modern industry, raw material, pours into one end for which the world now strives—destruction! The world, in modern war, simply and literally gathers all its forces into heaps and proceeds to blow them to atoms!

But this side of it we shall have time to think over in peace time; unless indeed, as often before, we prefer to forget all about it, to miss the obvious point, and to "try again another day." . . . W. M.

IN MY GARDEN.

APRIL 25.—The main crop of carrots may now be sown in most gardens, but it is, of course, useless to sow in wet ground. The soil should have been deeply dug over and made as fine as possible; no manure must be added, but garden ashes may be used with advantage.

Sow in rows about 12in. apart. Also make another sowing of turnips, peas, lettuce. E. F. T.

A THOUGHT FOR TO-DAY.

What I long for may everywhere be had: so long as I bring with me the one thing needful—love.—Goethe.



Lady Cynthia Hamilton, Duke of Abcorn's daughter, was one of the first to take up munition work.



New portrait of the Countess of Stradbroke, matron of the Military Hospital at Henham Hall.

SIR D. HAIG'S SON.

Pushing On Home Rule—When They Return to the Stage.

I WAS PRIVILEGED to see the christening of of Sir Douglas Haig's little son at Eastcott, Kingston Hill, yesterday. It took place in what used to be the children's playroom, which was prettily decorated with flowers. Grey-bearded Dr. Morrow Sims, the Princi-

TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women, and Affairs in General

Not a New Bill.—The new Home Rule Bill may be an Act sooner than we think. In fact, it is not a new Bill, but a proposal to amend the already existing, but suspended, Home Rule Act. Thus it can be got through more easily than a brand new Bill.

Once Chief Secretary.—The Irish discussions seem to have brought Mr. Augustine Birrell out again. He was in the House the other night, looking much younger.

Better.—His friends are glad to hear that Sir Ernest Lamb, M.P., who has been ill with appendicitis, is ever so much better. A sentimental interest is attached to his knighthood, which came on his wedding day.

In the Artists' Quarter.—Young Lady Carisbrooke is working hard to raise funds for the Women's Army recreation huts. She journeyed to the artists' quarter in Fitzroy-

Declined.—They say that Mr. Vernon Hartshorn, O.B.E., the miners' leader and a pungent orator, was offered an important Government position recently. He, however, prefers a position of greater freedom and less responsibility. He will be the Labour candidate for the Ogmore Valley at the next general election. Here you see him.



Mr. Vernon Hartshorn

Widowed.—Lady Ipswich, now widowed, was only married in the September before the war. She is brunette, in contrast to the late Viscount, who was tall and fair. She is very athletic, and used to drive a little two-seater.

A D.S.O.'s Bride.—The Earl of Granard's brother, Major Donald Forbes, D.S.O., had an early wedding at St. Mary's, Cadogan-gardens. His bride, Miss Doreen Lawson, daughter of the late Mr. Sherlock Lawson, came up the aisle on her stepfather's arm, but it was her mother, the Hon. Mrs. Bethell, who gave her away.

A Shoemakeress.—I saw quite a lot of relatives and friends at the early reception afterwards. Amongst the dowagers were Robinia Lady Mountgarret and Frances Lady Granard. I also saw Lady Petre, who says we ought all to cobble our shoes at home to save labour and money. She herself wore a very dainty pair.

Well Done!—Although Private Cecil Chesterton was sent home from the front because of trench fever, some time ago, he volunteered and was accepted for service in France directly he heard of the German onslaught.

A German Owner.—Many racegoers are under the impression that Baron von Richthofen, whose horses were seized at the outbreak of war, was the famous German aviator. This is not so, though doubtless he was a relative of the late "circus" leader.

Addresses.—When writing to your khaki boy be careful to put the full address, as abbreviations like "B.E.F." are now looked upon with disfavour.

Two More Days.—To-morrow will be the last day of the wonderful war photographs in colours at the Grafton Galleries before they are moved from the West to the East. The galleries are crowded every day with people making the most of this last chance, many of whom are paying return visits.

Mr. Bottomley's Meeting.—Everybody is talking about to-morrow afternoon's meeting at the Albert Hall, with Sir Edward Marshall Hall in the chair and Mr. Bottomley as principal speaker. It is expected that we shall hear something worth listening to.

Conn v. Fry.—There is going to be a great military rush to the Ring on Monday afternoon, as the Army at home is showing itself very anxious to see the bout between Conn and Fry. These men are easily the best featherweights in the country. It is impossible to say who will win, but it is certain that the match will be exciting.

To Return.—We have not seen Lady Forbes-Robertson lately on the business side of the footlights. But it is given out that she will appear early next month in a new one-act play. The author is Mr. Monckton Hoffe, who jumped into fame with "The Little Damozel" in the dear dead days beyond recall. He aims to appear for the first performance.

Another.—Talking about "Fair and Warmer" a day or two ago, I said that the principal male part would be played by one who had not done any acting for many years. He is Mr. David Miller, who is well known as a stage manager and producer, but has now been persuaded to use grease paint again.

THE RAMBLER.

TRAVELLING BY TRAIN: PAST AND PRESENT.



Fewer trains—more people: that sums up the situation for travellers home after the day's work. And, naturally, there has been a modification of travelling phrases and manners.—(By W. K. Haselden.)

pal Chaplain to the Forces in France, christened the baby, which was what the nurses call "good."

Sponsors.—Colonel Clive Wigram, in khaki, deputised for the King. The other godparents are Queen Alexandra, the Empress Eugenie, Prince Dhuleep Singh, and Sir Eric Geddes. Wherefore the baby received the names of "George Alexander Eugene Douglas."

Who Were There.—It was a small party. I saw Lady Barrett, Lady Vivian (the proud father's sister), Mrs. Jameson, and Colonel and Mrs. Fox Pitt. The baby's two little sisters were also there in flower-trimmed hats.

A Step Up?—Few men in the House of Commons are harder worked or discharge their duties more ably than Mr. Ian Macpherson. Representing the War Office in the Commons, he is under fire the whole time. He is now mentioned in connection with a most important Secretaryship. Let us wish him luck.

square on Wednesday to open a sale of Mr. Aumonier's beautiful memorial plaques and religious figures.

Baronet Engaged.—Sir Michael Bruce, who is engaged to Miss Audrey Benham, has been truly imperial in his services. He has upheld the flag in such diverse places as the Transvaal, "German" South-West Africa, Rhodesia, Egypt, the Dardanelles and France. With that he is only twenty-four.

A Travelled Peer.—I hear that Lord Montagu of Beaulieu, after a prolonged period of travel, is due back in town next month. Clubland and Pall-mall will welcome him back.

The Tale of a Fine.—Once Lord Montagu was summoned for allowing a dog to go about unmuzzled. The magistrate fined him, and shortly afterwards was seen in earnest conversation with the culprit. "You'll have to pay, you know," Lord Montagu was saying, "I have not got any money with me," and quietly the majesty of the law settled. The magistrate was the defendant's father.



Lady Forbes-Robertson.

AT THE DRESSING TABLE.

By MIMOSA.

How Millicent Cheated Father Time.

I hadn't seen Millicent for over three years, when I called on her a few days ago. I knew she had taken up munition work at the beginning of the war, and from what I had heard of her from time to time, hard work, early rising, and late to bed, I quite expected to find her looking older, and very much the worse for her three years' work. But far from looking faded and tired, I found her younger and fresher than when I had last seen her. Her complexion was smooth and clear, and her hair brighter, and more glossy than before, while the few wrinkles which I remember had entirely disappeared.

How She Preserved Her Complexion.

After a little persuasion she told me the secret of how she had not only kept, but improved, her looks during the three years in which we had not met, in spite of her hard work and late hours. She told me she owed the freshness of her complexion to the regular use every night of a little plain mercurised wash. This she rubbed gently into the face and neck, leaving it on all night, and washing it off in the morning with warm water. She had entirely given up the use of powder, which she told me she felt sure caused wrinkles, and was using instead a lotion made by mixing an ounce of clemantine in about two ounces of water. This lotion gives a most natural appearance, and is beneficial to the skin and erasing by her complexion I can well believe it.

Removing the Wrinkles.

When I asked what she had done to remove the little wrinkles which I remembered round her eyes and mouth, she told me nothing. The use of the mercurised wash had done the trick without any effort on her part. This was, it seems, gently peels off all the dead outer skin, slowly and imperceptibly, and the deeper, and with the dead skin, all lines and wrinkles, leaving the fresh young complexion beneath clear and smooth.

A Slight Growth of Superfluous Hair.

There was another point upon which I was very curious. Millicent used to have a slight growth of hair on her upper lip, which I am forced to admit entirely spoilt her claims to being considered a pretty girl, and this too had entirely disappeared, owing to the use she told me of a little powdered phenol. After two applications, she said, all trace of the growth had disappeared, but as a precaution she had used some tekkoo-paste for a couple of weeks afterwards.

How She Kept Her Hair Bright and Glossy.

To keep her hair in good condition she had shampooed it regularly every fortnight with a deterspoonful of stallax dissolved in hot water, then dried it without rinsing (as this is not necessary when using stallax) and given it a good brushing. Every month she gave it a stimulant in the form of a simple tonic. For one week in every four she massaged into the roots every night a tonic made by mixing an ounce of borax with four ounces of Bay Rum or Eau de Cologne.

A Perfectly Natural Colour.

Millicent had always been naturally pale, and I remarked on the pretty flush which had come into her cheeks. This she confessed was not natural (although it had deceived an expert like myself), but was brought about by using a little pure collodium, which she applied to her cheeks with a piece of cotton wool. The beauty of the colour was, that it appeared absolutely natural, for it deepened as the atmosphere became warmer, just as a natural colour would.

PILENTA SOAP FOR THE COMPLEXION, IS ALL CHEMISTS. (Adv't.)

HOW TO GET FAT AND BE STRONG.

The trouble with most thin folks who wish to gain weight is that they insist on dragging their stomach with "toxic" food, by stuffing it with greasy foods, or by guzzling ale, stout, or milk. Such methods are invariably useless.

It is impossible to get fat until your digestive track assimilates the food you eat. If your assimilative organs are right, you will get fat by eating even the plainest of food.

If you want to gain 15lb., or 20lb., of good, healthy flesh in as many days without any trouble or annoyance, get about 3s. worth of ordinary Sargol tablets from your chemist and chew one up with every meal. You will simply be astonished to see how quickly you will start to fatten up. Don't waste any more time or money on patent Flesh-Foods, or in following some foolish diet system. Sargol by its regenerative power enables the stomach to literally soak up the fattening elements of your food and pass them into the blood, where they are carried to every starved, broken-down cell and tissue of your body.

You may eat what you like and when you like it. Sargol will enable you to get fat and be strong because it will enable you to get all the strength and fat-making elements from the food you eat.

No matter how thin you are, or what the cause of your thinness is from, you should give this prescription a trial. You are sure to find it is just what you need. (Adv't.)

ONLY A COUNTRY GIRL

By MAY CHRISTIE

PEOPLE IN THE STORY.

BETTY GORDON, a simple country girl, falls in love with JACK TREVOR, but is later introduced to his fiancée.

APRIL MOORE, Betty comes to town and meets April once more, and is introduced by her to

CHARLIE DAVON, a black sheep, whom she meets in the course of her engagement to Trevor. April asks to see over the other girl's conduct. Betty would never make the mistake of questioning her.

Jack Trevor.

Betty to dinner, but fails to attend, and later she dining with Jack Trevor.

"I'M IN A HOLE!"

APRIL MOORE gave a light little laugh when she saw the startled look on Trevor's face.

"Rather amusing, isn't it?" She nodded in the direction of the table where Betty Gordon sat with Davon.

"How—how did she get to know him?" Trevor could not keep the question back. So Betty had a deliberate rendezvous with the man? To think that Betty should have chosen such a friend as Davon!

"How should I know anything of her affairs?" April shrugged her shoulders. "Isn't it possible that she scraped acquaintance with him down the country?" She seemed rather fond of roaming about alone.

Trevor looked up angrily. "Miss Gordon isn't at all that kind of girl."

"Oh, isn't she?" April laughed her tinkling little laugh again. "Anyhow, your own meeting with her was a bit unconventional, Jack, so you needn't get annoyed."

Trevor bit his lip. April's insinuations grated horribly on him at times. There were moments when he could almost have disapproved of his fiancée. These moments had followed each other with remarkable frequency of late.

April was hoping fervently that Betty wouldn't take it into her simple little head to rush over with him down the country. She was sure that Betty, for all her youth and simplicity, had an innate sense of dignity and the fitness of things. Although amazed at April's peculiar ideas as to the duties of a hostess, and entirely at sea over the other girl's conduct, Betty would never make the mistake of questioning her.

She would quietly wait until such time as April herself chose to make an explanation. But why—why had Jack Trevor looked at her so critically? What had she done to cause him such surprise? He looked so handsome, so well-bred—ah! how she could have cared for him, if only—

The pain at her heart seemed unbearable. Love had come to her only to hurt her.

Davon broke in abruptly on her thoughts. "Yes, it does seem very strange of April," he was saying, the inscrutable look still on his face.

"But April is so changeable and forgetful, one can't really count on her for long. It's possible she intended that we—the four of us—should dine at separate tables, tête-à-tête. He smiled into Betty's eyes. "These lovers, you know—they always want to be alone together; they had some special secrets to whisper to each other."

He raised his glass, looking deeper into Betty's eyes. "I drink to your health and happiness," he whispered. "Here's hoping that our friendship may flourish."

When he had drained the contents of his glass he added, meaningly: "I think that April's arrangement has been an excellent one."

He leaned across the little table, and lightly touched Betty's hand.

He said to her, "Trevor looked across the room and saw the other girl. He had killed Davon at the moment. A waiter passed between the tables, and Trevor failed to see the quick little jerk with which Betty removed her hand."

"Trevor up, Jack. You look as if you were attending to your own funeral!" Betty spoke lightly, though there was an under-current of annoyance in the words.

Trevor straightened his shoulders. "Yes, he was a fool to go on dreaming of that pretty, pale-faced little girl over at the corner table. He had placed her on a pedestal, thought she was far above the ordinary run of girls. And here she was in the Restaurant Maurice—apparently quite open to a cad like Davon! How mistaken he had been in his dream-girl!"

"What did you ask me to come here for, April?" he queried. "What did you want with me to-night?" "I wish you? Isn't that rather an odd way of putting it?" The girl was frowning. "Aren't engaged couples expected to go about in public together?" Trevor admitted. But he was sure to suppose so. He had never heard of a girl being asked to come to a restaurant and sit at a table with a man who was always wanting things, demanding money. He looked expectantly at her.

"Jack, dear," she wheedled, suddenly grown sweet and smiling, "I now don't be angry with me. I've got myself into a horrid hole at cards."

"How much?" "Only a paltry little hundred, dear. You'd never miss it—I've simply got to have the money, Jack."

"Haven't I told you before, April, that I particularly want you to cut out gambling?" Trevor had been genuinely worried over these perpetual debts. He had a shrewd suspicion, too, that the money was going into other channels; that someone had a hold over the girl and was reaping a harvest out of it.

(Translation, dramatic and all other rights secured.)

But he would never get the truth from April—he had found that out some time ago.

There was a world of disillusionment in his voice as he went on: "What did you do with the last hundred that I gave you?"

"Oh, that went 'at my bills at Mme. Juliette's."

Trevor cleared his throat. "I think you're forgetting, April, that I went to Mme. Juliette's in person and paid your bills—only three weeks ago!"

April flushed. How stupid she had been not to invent a better and more credible story! Jack mustn't be allowed to guess the truth.

"I think you're cruel, Jack, cross-questioning me like this!" She pouted daintily. "I remember now—that hundred was for an old bridge debt—I paid it."

Trevor leaned across the table, a look of determination on his fine, clean-cut face.

"I'll let you have the money just this once, April," he said, curtly, "but understand, it's for the last time. And I want your promise first that you'll run up no more debts."

"Oh, very well, if you insist!" came the huffy answer. "You know you've got the upper hand!"

"YOU HAVE NO RIGHT!"

"CAN you—can you give me the cheque now, Jack? You've got a fountain pen there, haven't you?" April believed there was no time like the present, especially where money was concerned. "It wouldn't bother you to write it here."

"Oh, very well. But wouldn't it look a little odd?"

"Not in the least," rejoined the girl. He scribbled for a moment in his cheque-book, then tearing up a leaf, he handed it to April. Davon, craning his neck round at the psychological moment, glimpsed Trevor's action and smiled with satisfaction.

Davon knew that April would win out. . . . "I'm not smiling now."

"I want to run over and have a word with Betty Gordon." She thrust the cheque into her small vanity bag. "I won't be two seconds, Jack—wait for me here."

She fluttered over to the table in the corner, profuse apologies on her lips.

"Betty, you must be thinking that I'm crazy, to desert you and Charlie like this! But let me see just what happened. She flung a meaning glance at him. "We were waiting for you in the lounge here, Charlie and I. Then Jack Trevor called me on the 'phone—he said he'd be a little late, and would I taxi round to his club and pick him up? I hurried back to the lounge to tell Charlie, but he'd vanished—gone for a drink, or something."

April paused. Betty was listening politely, and with apparent credulity in her dark eyes.

"And you continued April, had to go off without explaining just what had happened. I'd told Charlie, when I was first called away, not to wait dinner for me if you turned up. So I knew you'd be all right, Betty. I found Jack actually worried about some business matters—he begged me to dine alone with him, as he'd important news to tell me—I knew you wouldn't mind a tête-à-tête with Charlie, under the circumstances."

"It's quite all right, I assure you," said Betty, with a pretty little air of dignity. "Don't apologise—I understand." She smiled faintly at the other girl, kind-heartedly anxious to put her mind at rest.

She thought that April had acted as she thought.

"Shall we come over now and join you and Trevor for coffee?" Davon looked with malicious amusement at April's embarrassed face.

He knew full well that the story she had just related was a pure invention, that for some reason or other she had planned this situation.

Oh, no—Jack has to leave immediately—I'm going with him. I'm sure you're longing to be home!" She smiled carelessly at the young girl.

"I'll be back in a few minutes. Just wait here, and have another cup of coffee." He rose and disappeared.

With a dash on the table, Betty sat staring straight ahead of her. What a wretched evening it had been! And why—why had Trevor given her such a disappointing look, as though he had caught her in some disgraceful act?

Ah, if only she didn't care for Trevor, as she did! "Betty!" Trevor's voice was in her ear. "Betty! I had to come back and speak to you."

She looked up into his miserable, anxious eyes. He was standing beside her, hat in hand—and alone.

"Betty," he went on. "Why are you here—in this place! And what are you doing with—with a fellow like Davon? He—he isn't fit to black your shoes—he hurts me, Betty."

The young girl had risen to her feet, drawing her cloak about her. She tried to steady her voice as she replied:

"You haven't any right, Mr. Trevor, to—to consider my legs. I don't need question your legs. Her lips trembled suddenly, and tears sprang to her dark eyes. "Good-night."

With an oddly pathetic little bow, she turned and left the room.

Don't miss to-morrow's fine instalment of this thrilling serial.



If we lost—

FOLLOW the thought a little way! Of course we shall not lose—we are all convinced of that. The valour of our men is the sure guarantee of ultimate success.

But just think—if we did—what tragedy would follow in the wake of defeat.

The Huns would lord it over us—England would become another Belgium.

With what glee would the Germans train their guns on London! With what unholy delight would they see our great city laid in ashes! And not only London but also Birmingham, Liverpool, Newcastle, Manchester, Bristol, and every other of our cities and towns would be burned, looted and ravaged.

In the towns of Belgium they ranged up the civilian population in front of the churches and mowed them down with machine-guns.

Fancy such a scene in front of Westminster Abbey! They herded the Belgian civilians and under the lash they made them dig German trenches. Imagine the citizens of London driven along the lanes of Essex and Buckinghamshire to labour under German task-masters!

They robbed the Belgian banks.

Think of the joy with which they would loot the Bank of England!

British valour alone will not prevent the evil dream from becoming a horrible reality. Valour without the weapons of valour would be impotent. The weapons of valour have to be manufactured, and paid for. Your country has to pay for them with money, and invites you to lend your money that she may pay for them.

If you were asked to give your money you would have no right to withhold it. But you are not—you are asked only to lend it—to lend it now, up to the measure of your ability and to your sense of responsibility.

The problem is a personal one. The issue would affect you and everything you have—all you hold dear. Is it better to lend the money to defeat the Hun menace, or is it better to withhold it until the Hun becomes victorious, and your deposits are taken to pay the indemnity exacted by a ruthless foe?

National War Bonds

You can buy National War Bonds at any Bank, or from any Stockbroker. You can buy them in values of £5, £20 or £50 from any Money Order Post Office.

THE WOMEN WHO WAIT: BY MR. HORATIO BOTTOMLEY, IN THE "SUNDAY PICTORIAL."

Daily Mirror

IN THE NEWS TO-DAY.

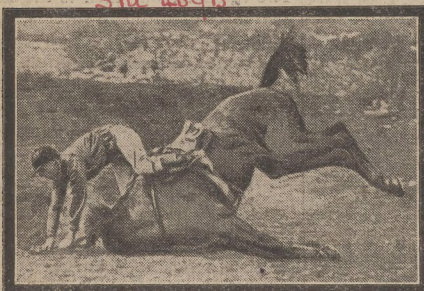


Mrs. Carey Evans, who was Miss Owen Lloyd George, has given birth to a daughter. The infant is the Premier's second grandchild.



Captain Sir Michael Bruce, Bart., whose engagement to Miss Audrey Bentham, youngest daughter of Mr. J. A. Bentham, is announced.

AT PUNCESTOWN RACES.



Frankie comes a cropper in the National Hunt Cup.



Rocklight comes to grief over one of the obstacles.

Nothing, of course, could be allowed to interfere with racing at PuncHESTOWN. A large crowd attended in spite of the political situation. (Daily Mirror photographs.)

WAACS. MERRYMAKING AT BORSTAL HEATH CAMP.



Mrs. Long, deputy chief controller of the Waacs, presents prizes.

The merry Waacs who are in training at Borstal Heath Camp, held a fancy-dress ball, which was an immense success. They showed that they knew how to play as well as they work. (Daily Mirror photographs.)



Two of the prize-winning costumes.

AFTER THEIR "QUIET" WEDDING.



Major the Hon. Donald Forbes and his bride, née Miss Doreen Lawson, leaving St. Mary's, Cadogan-street, London, yesterday morning. (Daily Mirror photograph.)

ANZAC ANNIVERSARY SERVICE.



Thousands of Anzacs attended the annual service held at the Central Hall, Westminster. One of them carries a crippled comrade to the hall.

BRITISH OFFICERS' HONOURS FOR CONSPICUOUS GALLANTRY AND DEVOTION ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.



Lieutenant William Kealy Campbell, D.S.O., M.B., R.A.M.C., awarded the Military Cross. He and his party came under heavy fire. Ordering his bearers to take cover, he searched the ground by himself.



Captain George D. Rastrik Carr, M.C., R.A.M.C., awarded a second bar to the Military Cross for reconnoitering a route for his bearers. From 4.0 a.m. till late the following evening he was continually under heavy fire.



Surgeon William James McCracken, D.S.O., M.C., M.B., R.N., awarded a bar to the Distinguished Service Order for devotion to duty in landing and evacuating the wounded in the open under heavy shelling.



Captain the Hon. Francis Egerton Grosvenor, M.C., of the Canadian Forces, awarded a bar to the Military Cross for reconnoitering a captured area to locate our new positions under very heavy and sustained shelling.



Major Horace Somerville Sewell, D.S.O., awarded a bar to the Distinguished Service Order. By his personal reconnaissance under fire he materially assisted in the destruction of enemy forces and war material.



Lieutenant-Commander Arthur Meland Asquith, D.S.O., R.N.V.R., has been awarded a second bar to the Distinguished Service Order for gallantry and devotion in making a successful reconnaissance through a heavy barrage.